

KNOWLEDGE

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OFFICIAL SAFETY INFORMATION OF THE U.S. ARMY

ACCIDENTS DON'T TAKE HOLIDAYS



ARMY STRONG®

FROM THE DASAF CHANGE — COUNT ON IT

Going into the holiday season, our Army has much to be thankful for, especially our Soldiers. We knew fiscal 2013 would most likely be a good year for safety, but the final outcome — 136 accidental fatalities, a 15 percent decline from the previous year and the lowest number on record — was an historic landmark. Such a remarkable achievement during a year of relentlessly high operations tempo, to include the twelfth year of combat, happened only because of the hard work and commitment of our entire Army Team. I thank each of you for your proactive part in making it possible.

Success can breed complacency, however, and we must keep that in mind in the days, weeks and months ahead. Just a few years ago, we were in the midst of a two-front war and the Army's worst safety performance in recent memory. The situation has changed dramatically since then, and our safety culture as a whole has continued to evolve and adapt to meet ever-shifting conditions. Change is the one constant; there will always be a new challenge to adapt to and overcome. How we plan, prepare and respond is what saves lives.

That being said, I am a little concerned after the first few weeks of fiscal 2014. The numbers aren't alarming, but they're not moving downward either. While I'm confident we can achieve the 10 percent reduction in accidental fatalities mandated by senior leaders in this year's Army Safety and Occupational Health Objectives, time is notorious for slipping quickly away. We have to do what we know works, do it better and do it now to fulfill the vision and duty our leaders have entrusted to us.

Don't let time run out for your Soldiers — start preparing now for whatever changes are in store for your formation. Your initiative will set the tone for what lies ahead, whether it's a combat rotation, modified training program or leadership turnover at any level. Evolution in safety doesn't happen overnight; it's a series of subtle adjustments over time that benefit the health and well-being of all. Maintaining familiarity while building upon and improving existing programs demands that a positive safety culture be in place.

While off-duty PMV-4 accidents generally dominate most accident reports during winter, we've seen a surprising number of cold-weather motorcycle fatalities during the past few years. Strive for open and honest communication with your Soldiers and their first-line leaders about not just the typical winter trends, but all activities they may be planning. Based on this dialogue, efforts like adapting your seasonal PMV program to fit your unit's needs can be a worthwhile investment that will pay dividends both in reducing risk and operationalizing your safety culture.

Change is a constant variable at the USACR/Safety Center, too. We'll share information and tips to help you tackle several seasonal safety issues in the annual Army Safe Winter Campaign, launching in early December at <https://safety.army.mil>. We're also gearing up for full implementation of the Globally Harmonized System, a program that will standardize the labeling and classification of chemicals and other hazardous materials across the force. The deadline for training all personnel on new requirements is Dec. 1, so use these next few weeks to ensure your Soldiers and civilian employees are trained to standard.

We'll also be saying goodbye to Command Sgt. Maj. Rick Stidley after the holidays. I cannot express how fortunate and grateful I am to have served with this fine Soldier and leader during the past year and a half. Rick has established an outstanding rapport with Soldiers and Families across the globe during the past three years, making a real difference for safety in all he's done. I know his dynamic leadership, enthusiasm, professionalism and dedication to all things Army will be greatly missed. I also know his successor, Command Sgt. Maj. Leeford Cain, will seamlessly transition, continuing our great tradition of NCO leadership in safety and forging his own legacy for the future.

Thank you again for helping achieve our Army's safest year on record. I look forward to working with you to make even further progress in keeping our great Soldiers in the fight. Have a safe and blessed Thanksgiving!

Army Safe is Army Strong!

TIMOTHY J. EDENS
Brigadier General, USA
Director of Army Safety



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ACCIDENTS DON'T TAKE HOLIDAYS

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It's that time of year where many of us are caught up in holiday routines and tend to take seasonal hazards for granted. Doing so, however, can mean the difference between a happy holiday and tragedy. Statistics show that mishaps occur more frequently during the holiday period. A little common sense, combined with some advanced planning, can help accident-proof your holidays, making them safer for you, your family members and visitors.

Fire

The National Fire Prevention Association estimates 3,000 Americans die in home fires annually, with nearly 40 percent of those deaths occurring between December and February. The NFPA also reports that during 2006-10, Christmas trees were the direct cause of about 500 home fires each year. So, before you pick out a Christmas tree this year, it's important to know a few tips to ensure you make a safe selection.

If you want a natural tree, pick a fresh one. Make sure it is deep green, has a strong pine scent and its needles don't fall off when you touch it. When you get it home, cut about two inches off the bottom at an angle. Fill the tree stand with water and keep it full every day. Never place a tree near a fireplace, radiators or heaters, and keep it away from doorways and the room's main traffic areas. Be aware that some artificial trees can also burn, so check them for flammability and follow all included safety precautions.

When it comes to decorating with electric lights, take special precautions such as never hanging them on metal trees. Avoid overloading outlets with electric decorations, and replace cords that show signs of wear. Just because the lights worked fine last year doesn't necessarily mean that they're good now. This is especially true for outdoor lights and cords that are subjected to rain, ice and strong winds.

Never run cords under the carpet, and turn off all decorative lights before leaving the house or going to bed. A Christmas Eve fire in Dallas a few years ago took the lives of a 31-year-old mother and her four young daughters. The cause of the fire was traced to an overloaded extension cord, which ignited their decorated tree.

If decorating with candles, ensure you keep them at least 12 inches from anything that can burn such as drapes, towels or clothing. Candles should always be in a sturdy holder and placed where they cannot be knocked down. Never leave a lit candle unattended and always supervise children near any flame. Battery-operated flameless candles — which can look, smell and feel like the real thing — are an attractive alternative for some decorators.

It's also a good idea to consider the age of your decorations. If you've had them for many years, it might be time to invest in a newer, safer set. Before regulations in the late 1970s, items such as tinsel, artificial icicles, glitter and painted figures often contained dangerous levels of lead, chromium, antimony, cobalt and even arsenic. Angel Hair (artificial snow) contained glass filings, and some brands were even comprised of asbestos fibers. Fire salts, which produce a multicolored effect when sprinkled on a log fire, contain heavy metals that may cause severe stomach distress if ingested.

Fireplaces and space heaters are also popular during the holidays. Keep these tips in mind if you plan to use yours:

- Before starting a fire, remove all combustible decorations from the area and be sure the flue is open.
- Keep a screen in front of the fire to ensure sparks are contained.
- Have your fireplace and chimney inspected and cleaned on a regular basis.
- Never allow a fire to smolder overnight.
- Use space heaters with great caution, placing them at least three feet from combustible materials such as blankets.



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- Ventilate fuel heaters as recommended by the manufacturer. Install a carbon monoxide detector near the fuel heater.
- Keep a fire extinguisher handy.

If you allow smoking in your home, provide ashtrays for the smokers and ensure cigarette and cigar butts are fully extinguished before emptying into the trash. Many house fires occur after holiday parties, when a lit cigarette falls into a sofa or bed and smolders undetected while everyone is asleep. A multi-purpose fire extinguisher is a good investment and should be kept handy in case of fire. Make sure you and your family members learn how to use extinguishers properly. A smoke detector is another potentially life-saving device every home should have. The NFPA recommends installing smoke alarms on every level of your home, including the basement, making sure that there is an alarm outside every separate sleeping area. Test alarms at least monthly by pushing the test button. Also remember to have an escape route in the event of a fire. It's important everyone in the house knows the route and practices it.

Slips, Trips and Falls

Between icy sidewalks and the increased use of ladders to hang decorations, slip, trip and fall injuries are another concern during the holidays. According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, falls are the leading cause of fatal injuries in the home, claiming 6,600 lives each year. Placing night lights throughout your home will help guide the way in the middle of the night. Toys and other items that could be a trip hazard should also be put away so they don't obstruct the walking path. If using extension cords, never place them in walkways. Outdoors, when there's ice or snow, shovel paths, put down sand or salt and make sure the area is lit. In addition, be sure to use extra care when hanging outdoor lights and decorations from the top of a ladder.

Toy Safety

Even the smallest revelers aren't immune to holiday hazards. The Consumer Product Safety Commission reports that 262,300 children were treated in hospital emergency rooms in 2011 due to toy-related injuries. Parents should always supervise their child's play and expect the unexpected. Inspect toys regularly to ensure all safety devices remain in place. If Santa brings a bicycle, skateboard, roller blades or scooter this Christmas, make sure he also provides properly fitted safety helmets.

Alcohol

Despite widespread publicity about the dangers of drinking and driving, traffic accidents and deaths increase dramatically during the holidays. If you are hosting a holiday party that will be serving alcohol, try to discourage guests from drinking too much. Discuss a sober designated driver plan ahead of time and be ready to call a cab or arrange a ride for those too drunk to drive. Also provide a variety of non-alcoholic drinks such as juices, tea, sodas and bottled water. Never force alcoholic drinks on anyone. Starchy foods such as cheeses and crackers which will help absorb the alcohol, so be sure to include them in your holiday spread. Close the bar an hour before the party ends and provide a place to sleep for those individuals that may have had too much to drink. Remember, time is the only true sobering method.

Be smart this holiday season. Follow the safety advice provided with the equipment you use, merchandise you buy and activities you plan. Keep your home, family, guests and yourself safe and healthy this and every holiday season!



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THE RIGHT CALL

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If you've been in the Army aviation branch for more than a day, you've probably heard, "Those who have and those who will." Here's my story:

It was a day like no other for my crew and me. Why? I was the Army's newest member in the pilot in command club. It was January 2011 at Shindand, Afghanistan, and I was eager to shake off my new PC butterflies.

The mission was a standard air mission request to local pick-up zones in support of Regional Command-West, something I had been doing for five months and, as a pilot, was very comfortable doing. But things were different now. I was the guy who called the shots and was ultimately responsible for the new CH-47F and the lives of my crew and passengers.

At 5:30 a.m., we confirmed our air mission request and received an S-2 threat brief update and weather briefing. Everything, even the weather, looked good. But if you have ever flown in the mountains of Afghanistan, you know the weather is very unpredictable and can change at a frantic pace during this time of year.

By 8:40 a.m., the blades were turning, and at 8:59 a.m., we called tower requesting takeoff. Our first leg of the mission called for us to head north to Herat, just 59 miles away, with small mountains rising "only" 6,000 feet above mean sea level. Remember when I said the weather report was good? The Air Force guys try hard with what they have, but it's more like rolling the dice than a science. At least the guys went outside to take a look instead of just sitting at their computers.

Shindand elevation was 3,850 feet MSL, with the first set of mountains only 12 miles to the north at 5,000 feet MSL. We received clearance for takeoff and were on our way. The weather looked good and ceilings were as reported. After arriving at Herat, we saw the next mountain pass was socked in and knew our day was done.

I called operations and received clearance to cancel the rest of our mission, then contacted the weather office back at Shindand to ask about the current weather there. They reported it was good. We headed back and, as we flew over the last mountain pass 12 miles north of Shindand, it happened. It was snowing!

Panic set in immediately. I then remembered something very important from flight school. "The urgency of certain emergencies requires the immediate and instinctive action by the pilot. The most important single consideration is helicopter control. All other procedures are subordinate to this requirement."

Until you are in a situation like this, you will never be a true believer of that phrase. Luckily, I and the other pilot announced visual contact with the ground and used exceptional crew coordination. During this, my sister ship called to let me know they lost their UHF and VHF radios. That meant that if I decided to do a GPS approach, I would have to make their radio calls as well as my own for spacing during inadvertent instrument meteorological conditions. That wasn't something we really trained for. Murphy's law was in full effect!

Taking the radio problem into consideration, as well as the fact that I still had visual contact with the ground, I decided to push on. But now we were 200 feet AGL at 60 knots airspeed with less than one-quarter mile visibility, only four miles north of the forward operating base. I knew the terrain here and had my multifunctional display on terrain avoidance. I had flown in the same area the previous day and knew it was clear of hills and antennas. I called the tower and let them know where we were and gave a pilot report with a request for special visual flight rule entry.

The snow thinned when we were about two miles out, and I saw the maintenance facility and, finally, the runway. This made me think of another famous quote: "It's better to be on the ground wishing you were flying than flying wishing you were on the ground." Truer words had never been spoken. I still can't say I have experienced IIMC, but we were close. Looking back, I should have just done the GPS approach even if I had to pick up my Chalk 2 radio calls.



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I thank my crew for excellent crew coordination and my co-pilot for picking up the workload for overall mission success. Even though you can't train for every curveball Mother Nature throws at you, you can — and hopefully will — revert back to your training in high-stress situations and make the right call.



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U.S. ARMY COMBAT READINESS/SAFETY CENTER

NEVER QUIT LEARNING

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As a kid, I used to read my dad's motorcycle magazines, looking at the pictures over and over. I remember spending time in my parents' garage, admiring his motorcycle and sneaking every opportunity to grab a hold of the handlebars and climb onto the seat. I would picture myself cruising down the road on that two-wheeled machine, "straightenin' the curves" and "flattenin' the hills" like the Dukes of Hazzard used to do. When I got a little closer to driving age, my dad made a deal with me. If I passed the Motorcycle Safety Foundation's Basic RiderCourse, I could ride his bike. I couldn't wait.

Dad had been a motorcycle rider for years, but when life got in the way, he wasn't able to have a bike. When he finally got back in the saddle, he signed up for the Basic RiderCourse to familiarize himself again. It was in that class where he truly learned how to maneuver the bike — from simple starts and stops to looking through the turns, countersteering at higher speeds and properly turning at slow speeds. He learned how to ride a bike safely, and it was the confidence that he developed in that course that encouraged him to make that deal with me. He believed that if I could pass the Basic RiderCourse and earn my motorcycle driver's license, then he could trust me with his bike. More importantly, he knew I would then have the skills to operate the motorcycle safely on the road.

I was so proud of myself when I passed the course and got my license. It felt great to ride that bike to high school and see my classmates' heads turn when I pulled up on two wheels. In the nearly 20 years since, I've had several bikes, but I never took another instruction course. I just never rode my bikes on post. However, upon return from my last deployment and subsequent assignment to the U.S. Army Combat Readiness/Safety Center, I decided I wanted to ride more often. That meant I'd have to ride on post, and to do that, I'd have to take the Basic RiderCourse again.

Upon arrival to Fort Rucker, and prior to getting too busy at work, I signed up for the course to get myself legal. It would be no exaggeration to say that I had twice as many miles as the rest of the students in my class combined. There were some true beginners in there! However, it also would be no exaggeration to say that I learned something during every block of instruction we covered during those two days of training.

The instructors were excellent. They understood everyone's individual skill level and tailored their instruction to each rider. They were able to get the most out of us on each skill, resulting in great improvements from everyone by the time we completed the final skills test. I also left the class a better rider. The fact that I was already a so-called "experienced rider" and had taken the training previously had no bearing on what I took away from the course. I learned a lot.

At the end of the course, I spent some time with the instructors talking about riding and different techniques for cornering, braking, accelerating out of turns, etc. I couldn't wait to take the next class — the Advanced RiderCourse — and signed up for it as soon as I could. That course had a similar format, but it was even better because I was able to ride my own bike. Today, I'm more than just a better rider; I'm a better rider on my own bike.

I cannot emphasize enough how good these courses are for riders. While they may be mandatory for us who serve, I do not hesitate to recommend them to everyone I meet who wants to ride a motorcycle. No matter your experience level, these courses will make you a better rider. I look forward to taking more classes in the future. The way I look at it, the more I learn, the safer I'll be. The same will be true for you. SportBike RiderCourse, anyone?



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SLIPPERY SLOPES

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For me, my "after-Army" plans for the future started in the summer of 2007 at Camp Arifjan, Kuwait. During this deployment, time seemed to stand still. It was during a 115 F day, while daydreaming about the Rocky Mountains, that I decided to become a national ski patroller. After all, I'd spent a lot of my younger years on the ski slopes in Utah. Even though I hadn't skied in 20 years, I still considered myself a good skier and was confident my skills would come back to me in no time.

After my deployment, I was released from active duty and returned to Salt Lake City. I immediately put my plan into action and completed emergency medical technician certification. I then found a selection event at the Brighton Ski Resort, which hosts an open house to pick ski patrol candidates.

At the start of the day, I was first in line with 20 other candidates, looking down an expert run called Hard Coin. As the lead instructor patroller pointed down the steep, powder-filled run through the trees, I asked myself, "What are you doing? This is insane!" I snapped back to reality and pulled it together. It was now time to shine.

Patrol instructors lined the run when I stepped off. I flew through the trees and my skis pointed perfectly downhill. I pressed the snow for steady speed and good rhythm and had an amazing run. Throughout the day, I had extreme runs, while instructors corrected techniques and evaluated my skiing ability. While skiing came back to me quickly, I realized I needed to be in better shape.

Following the open house patrol selection process, I was asked to participate in the candidate training program. During the next eight weeks, I skied with the best ski patrol instructors. I was trained and qualified on toboggan handling and completed my outdoor emergency course. For the next three years, I was a member of the National Ski Patrol. I saw many accidents during my time with the patrol. Sadly, a common factor in those accidents was most could've been prevented.

No matter your skiing skill level, it's important to prepare yourself before heading out on the slopes. Whether you're a novice or a rusty experienced skier, start your first day on the slopes with an instructor. Also wear the proper safety equipment. Helmets can save lives and prevent a traumatic brain injury. Choose goggles that fit and ensure their lenses are adequate for varying sunlight levels. Select skis for the conditions you plan to ski. Remember, powder skis do not perform on groomed runs as well as alpine skis. Dress in layers with gear that is performance based and stay physically fit during the winter months. And don't forget the sunscreen!

Being on the hills all day can be physically challenging. If you live on the coast and fly to a ski resort, remember the air gets thinner at 10,500 feet. While you are there to have a good time, never ski impaired. Collisions and injuries happen in a flash, and in my experience, crashes usually involve innocent skiers. It's important to realize that you are still legally responsible for the injuries you cause. Practicing a little safety will help you have an enjoyable skiing adventure.

DID YOU KNOW?

The National Ski Patrol is the leading authority of on-mountain safety. The NSP is dedicated to serving the public and outdoor recreation industry by providing education and accreditation to emergency care and safety service providers. The organization is made up of more than 28,000 members serving over 650 patrols, including alpine, Nordic and auxiliary patrollers. The NSP members work on behalf of local ski and snowboard areas to improve the overall experience for outdoor recreationalists. To learn more, visit the NSP website at http://www.nsp.org/slopesafety/slope_safety.aspx.



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JUST ANOTHER LANDING

WARRANT OFFICER MICHAEL BROWN

When you are downrange in an unmanned aircraft system platoon, everything gets repetitive. You launch your aircraft, fly your mission and land your aircraft several times every day. The platoon is usually isolated from the rest of your unit and everyone knows the rules of the flight line. It's when visitors arrive that problems arise.

It was early in the afternoon when our vehicle mechanics came to the flight line from the motor pool to perform maintenance on one of our vehicles we use for flight operations. However, they did not follow the posted procedures for checking in at the hangar so they could be escorted to the taxiway we were using for UAS launch and recovery operations. The mechanics decided to drive unescorted all the way to the taxiway. One of my operators and the crew chief saw them heading toward the taxiway. The operator ran toward them, yelling for them to stop because I had just turned my aircraft onto final approach. Fortunately, they stopped in time and my operator stayed with them while I landed the aircraft.

Once the aircraft was on the ground, I began my post-flight checks and waited for the crew chief to report that he had the aircraft secure. The call never came, so I called him for verification. He radioed back, saying, "Umm, aerial vehicle is on the ground, but you and the mission coordinator might want to come out here." From that, I knew I was about to go to the cache to "pee and bleed."

I completed my post-flight checklist and met the crew chief, mission coordinator, my other operator and the mechanics at the end of the runway. That's when I saw my aircraft leaning in a hole with the arresting strap broken. All of them had the same dumbfounded look on their faces. The first thing I said was, "What happened out here? Everything looked good inside." Nobody could tell me anything. So, I looked around.

The first thing I noticed was a large pickup truck sitting perpendicular to the taxiway. I couldn't see the Tactical Automated Landing System, which is what lands the aircraft and steers it down the runway until it stops. That's about the time I lost it. One of my operators and my crew chief allowed a truck to be parked so as to block the line of site between the TALS and the aircraft, preventing the TALS from steering the aircraft after landing. This resulted in the aircraft drifting to the right, missing the arresting strap and catching an assembly guide rope. The rope tensioned and broke, causing the aircraft to turn, just missing the arresting drum on the edge of the taxiway, which holds the braking system that stops the aircraft. The aircraft then ran off the taxiway and into the dirt.

Luckily, the aircraft was not damaged and the broken rope was an easy fix. It could have been a lot worse, though. Not only could the aircraft have been damaged, but at that point in the recovery, the crew chief or those mechanics could have been struck while it was still traveling at 50-60 knots.

In my opinion, this all happened because of complacency and lack of situational awareness by my crew and the failure of the mechanics to follow posted procedures. No matter how many times a team completes a task successfully, they must always maintain their vigilance.



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COVERING THE BASES

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Being in the National Guard, I've seen the emphasis placed on private motor vehicle safety because of the vast distances some Soldiers must travel to and from drill. I've also noticed how that emphasis shifts when those same Soldiers are placed on orders at an armory or in the field for an extended period versus traveling daily to and from training. It's easy to understand why a safety program would tailor training for the hazards most frequently encountered in a particular environment. Naturally, Soldiers traveling to drill will receive higher doses of PMV safety than Soldiers who are required to drive less. The more time Soldiers spend on orders, doing Army things with Army stuff, calls for a different focus. However, I believe this focal shift tends to be a breeding ground for the proverbial "Murphy-ism." The following story is a breakdown of how this shift in safety focus affected my unmanned aircraft system platoon last spring.

We were conducting our three-week reset training at Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah. Our mission was to re-wing, receive new laser designator training and re-establish our post-deployment home station readiness level progression. The training was on Michael Army Airfield, which is located about two hours from our home station. We convoyed our tactical vehicles to Dugway and took two additional 15-pack vans to use in and around the flight line.

We conducted the necessary safety briefing for the trip, but once we arrived, the platoon transitioned into a more Army training safety focus. We had a risk assessment that included the full barrage of hypotheticals, as well as plans for weather, heat and physical training injuries and flight line procedure. We even considered possible encounters with snakes, poisonous spiders or scorpions.

When we reached our first weekend, I thought it was a good opportunity to give my Soldiers some well-deserved downtime. We planned a good time to convoy to home station in our 15-pack vans, and I conducted a safety briefing for the road back. Once we made it to home station, we made that quick transition into a safety focus for our homes and on the roads. We then all went our separate directions, which is when we were bitten by the hazard.

As I traveled southbound on the freeway, I noticed traffic slowing. I suspected an accident, but it never crossed my mind that it could be one of my Soldiers. As I approached the wreck, I saw what used to be a huge Dodge Ram Mega Cab pickup. Now, with its front end smashed and wheels torn off, the truck was almost unrecognizable. What I did recognize was my Soldier standing outside the truck. He appeared uninjured, but confused. He had just been struck by a driver in medical distress. I stopped, helped where I could and waited for emergency vehicles to arrive.

We were fortunate that day. My Soldier was fine. But if his truck were any less of a vehicle, this accident might have been much worse. I couldn't help but think about how we, as Soldiers, safely perform hazardous tasks with dangerous equipment all the time, but could still be taken out in a PMV accident just a mile from home.

I took this lesson back to my platoon the following week, emphasizing the risk on the roads as we headed home on our second weekend. I was able to drive the point home when I showed my Soldiers the pictures I took at the accident scene. I was sure this would be the teaching tool I needed to reduce our odds of another accident — that is until we returned to the armory for the trip back to Dugway. This time, one of my Soldiers was rear-ended while exiting the freeway. The Soldier's car was totaled, but, fortunately, he wasn't injured.

The lesson I learned from these experiences is accidents happen all the time, so maybe shifting our focus on what we perceive as the priority hazards isn't the best approach. It is important to cover all the bases when we address safety. We can't eliminate the mishaps, but we can definitely reduce the frequency and severity. I was fortunate to have Soldiers behind the wheel that were well-rested, sober and wearing seat belts — all of which we discussed in our safety brief.

My unit now understands that there are many risks out there that we must identify. Each one deserves equal respect. You never know which one might get you.



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THE THREAT OF COMPLACENCY

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I'm not sure of the statistics, but there's no doubt in my mind that numerous Army accidents have occurred because we, as Soldiers, have become complacent in our everyday activities. If we stop for a moment and think, we can probably remember instances when we were complacent. Many of our jobs are repetitive in nature, and the more we repeat what we're doing, the better the chance we become complacent without even realizing it.

A few years ago, as we began the back half of a deployment in Afghanistan, there were numerous instances of complacency among Soldiers in my aviation unit. The command quickly realized this hazardous trend and implemented control measures to prevent needless accidents. The same school of thought should be applied at home base. We need to keep ourselves from becoming complacent where we feel most comfortable. Many Soldiers may wonder why commanders and noncommissioned officers keep reiterating that it's important to always keep a fresh eye open. It's because a majority of us (leaders) realize some tasks are repetitive and we've seen the effects of complacency. The bottom line is all Soldiers, no matter their rank, need to remain vigilant.

I'm sure we've all heard the statement, "We've always done it that way." Safety shouldn't be treated like a light switch that you can turn on or off. The safety switch must be "on" continuously. Just because we feel safe doesn't mean we are. On the contrary, feeling safe all the time could be the biggest threat to our well-being because that means we are drifting into a complacent mode.

One key to avoid the complacency trap is to form safety habits. Putting these habits into action daily, 24/7, will help save lives. Supervisors should do routine spot checks because Soldiers do what they know will be checked.

J.C. Ryle wrote, "Do not suppose that it needs some great scarlet sin to bring you to the pit of destruction. You have only to sit still and do nothing, and you will find yourself there at last." I challenge all leaders, myself included, to fight and keep our Soldiers safe from the evil of complacency.



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WHEN 'ROUTINE' CHANGES

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER 2 EMILIO NATALIO

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A simple air mission request from Seoul Air Base to Osan Air Base, with an additional drop off at Yongsan Army Garrison, ended up being a long evening for our crew. The flight was normal and entailed picking up passengers at Osan and dropping them off at Yongsan, with a return to Osan later that night. We performed checklist items before the flight; the crew chief conducted his preflight, while the pilot-in-command and I completed the risk assessment, flight plan and pre-flight of the night vision goggles. We were briefed for the passenger pickup and drop-off, along with day and NVG training before passenger pickup.

After our preflight by the checklist, we ran up the engine and completed a health indicator test check, then departed Seoul Air Base en route to Osan. Upon reaching a checkpoint, we called Osan tower and were cleared to land. On short final, the tower told us to turn left immediately because they had a jet coming in that had either just called in or they had forgotten about.

We turned out to the left and made a wide turn and continued back in. After landing, we rolled up to the VIP parking area and our crew chief jumped out, greeted the passengers and ensured they were secured in the cabin. We then flew to Yongsan, dropped off the passengers and departed to begin the training leg of our flight.

We flew around Prohibited Area 73 up various routes and the pilots swapped duties between navigating and being on the controls. The flight route took us near an area we use for Bambi Bucket training, the site of a dam. We made three landings at the location during the day, then it was time to go to Camp Stanley and refuel. After refueling our aircraft and ourselves, it was dark, so we goggled up and continued our training flight under NVG. We retraced our previous daylight route and returned to the dam.

I was on the controls for an approach to land and came in way too fast and really steep, so I announced I was going to go around. I then made a second attempt at landing. Again, I came in too fast and steep, so I made another go around.

After my second failed attempt, the PC decided to land the aircraft. On our downwind leg, we did a before-landing check and started our approach. I was sitting in the right seat, scanning the area. There was a structure to our immediate right with a tin roof that we had avoided during our three day landings. We didn't want to blow off the roof or damage the structure.

As I scanned to the right and left out the nose of the aircraft, the crew chief announced, "We are coming in hot." We smacked the ground and rolled forward a couple of feet, and I struck my head on the door. After the aircraft stopped moving forward, the PC leveled the rotor disk and I asked that everyone say if they were all right or injured. The crew chief said over the internal communication system, "I'm OK." The PC said the same. I told them I was all right, just a little jarred. Then the crew chief announced, "Emergency engine shutdown."

At this point, I had the controls and the PC shut down the aircraft. As we unbuckled our seat belts, the PC's and my goggles had detached from our helmets and stayed in the aircraft only because we had the heads-up display attached. The right chin bubble had not been so lucky. My weight bag flew off my helmet and went through it. We called all the appropriate people and were picked up and taken to the hospital for a check-up. After our debriefing from our leadership, we went home.

We all came in for the accident investigation and told our version of the events. They pulled all our records and paperwork. Lessons learned from this would be:

- We had done a recon of the area during the day — positive
- Flight plan/risk assessment/performance planning card/reading card files all in order — positive
- Crew brief before the flight included the flight route for the AMR and training portions, as well as what we would do in case of an emergency — positive
- Establishing common terminology was definitely something we needed to work on. "Coming in hot" was not the acceptable terminology — negative



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- From that point on, we established that “climb” or “go around” would initiate just that.

At the end of the day, the accident ending up being a Class C. All three crewmembers, except for some bumps and bruises, were OK. But the experience was something we'll never forget, and the lessons learned will stay with us our entire careers.



ARMY STRONG.



U.S. ARMY COMBAT READINESS/SAFETY CENTER

ROAD WEARY

MAJ. STEPHEN BRACK

Headquarters, Headquarters Company, 77th Theater Aviation Brigade
Arkansas National Guard
Little Rock, Ark.

In the aviation community, we talk about safety all the time. It's evident that we put a greater emphasis on safety at work. For example, I would never start a flight across three states without first making arrangements to support the mission, such as knowing exactly where I was going to stop for fuel or stay overnight. Last summer, however, I took my family on a road trip to Albuquerque, N.M., and did just that.

The plan was to leave our home in Little Rock, Ark., on a Friday and arrive in Albuquerque by Sunday afternoon. As usual, I scheduled the overnight stops well in advance and made the necessary arrangements for hotels, which would allow me to drive no more than about five hours a day. My wife also researched activities we could do with the kids in the evenings at each location. With our itinerary set, all that was left was to execute. As we finished our last bit of packing Wednesday night, we decided we could easily move up our departure date by a day. This is where a series of bad decisions began.

Since our hotel reservations didn't start until Friday, I figured we would just leave when I got off work Thursday, drive until I started getting tired and then stop for the night at the closest Holiday Inn. That would give us a little more time to spend in Oklahoma City. It sounded like a win-win situation to me. After all, it was a Thursday night, and I was sure I'd have no problem finding a hotel along the way. Wrong!

I never considered that my last-minute plans would be thwarted by the Oklahoma City Thunder playing in the NBA playoffs. Between all the people in town to watch the playoffs, as well as a national softball tournament, there wasn't a hotel within 200 miles of Oklahoma City. Obviously, those folks had planned better than I. My decision to "shoot from the hip" and "see how far we can get" was quickly blowing up in my face.

The one bright spot was that my three boys, who ranged from 2 to 10 years old, were still engrossed in their Rescue Heroes DVD playing in the back seat. (A car DVD system is a fantastic invention.) But I knew it wouldn't last. Shortly after Rescue Heroes ended, it was time to switch to a DVD my youngest son would enjoy. That's when the complaining started.

We were about an hour from Oklahoma City and the boys were done! My wife was using every resource available on her phone to try to find us a hotel. Of course, nothing was showing up as available until Amarillo, Texas, and that was another 4½ hours down the road. By the time we rolled through Oklahoma City about 11 p.m., I was very tired. I was hoping we could find somewhere (anywhere!) to get some rest, but even the "roach coach" motels were boasting "NO VACANCY" signs. I felt as if I had no choice but to push on toward Amarillo.

I knew I was going to have to pull over and take some power naps along the way and maybe even ask my wife to drive for a little while. I would definitely need to stop and get some more caffeine too. Without really thinking about it, I went through the risk assessment process to minimize the hazards as much as I could. We pulled over when I needed to so I could grab a quick nap. My wife also helped by taking the wheel for a few minutes, but she was exhausted too. Eventually, we completed what should have been a 4½-hour trek to Amarillo in about six hours.

When I pulled in to check into the Holiday Inn in Amarillo at 5 a.m., I was worn out. The kids were just waking up and, aside from wondering why they were still in their car seats, were oblivious to what had been going on all night. Determined to not put ourselves in another dangerous situation on the road, we stayed at the hotel in Amarillo an extra night to let everyone recover and went on to Albuquerque Sunday as planned.

Aside from some grumpy travelers, a very tired mom and dad and the fact that I didn't get to go to the Bass Pro Shop in Oklahoma City, we were all OK. But when I look back at that trip, there are some things I obviously should have done differently. First and foremost, I should have stuck with the original plan to leave Friday, or we should have at least checked on lodging arrangements prior to departure. Instead, I managed to put four of the most important people in my world at risk.



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For some reason, we just don't weigh the risks off duty the same as we do when at work. Yet, excluding deployments and training, we are only in the workplace for about one-third of our day. That leaves the remaining two-thirds of the day subject to unmanaged risk. Thankfully, we made it through just fine and went on to have a great trip. However, it could have easily ended differently.



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SO OTHERS MAY LIVE

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER 4 NATHAN TIERNEY

On the afternoon of Nov. 20, 1998, my ship, the USS Shiloh (CG-67), received a request from the Australian Rescue Coordination Center for assistance in conducting a search-and-rescue mission. A 50-foot sailboat had been demasted and was adrift in heavy seas. Four people were manifested to be onboard.

Throughout the night, Shiloh closed the 270 nautical miles to the sailboat's position and launched our helicopter to assist in the search. Locating the boat, the first aircrew made an attempt to rescue its survivors. They tried to lower a rescue swimmer onto the sailboat, but the high sea state and small size of the boat made it impossible to safely put him on the deck on a moonless night. Sharks had been sighted swimming nearby and the crew decided not to jump anyone into the water. However, they were able to confirm that two survivors remained on the wreckage.

At 3:30 the next morning, we briefed a second rescue attempt. The crew consisted of Helicopter Aircraft Commander Lt. Cmdr. Mark Sullivan, co-pilot Lt. J.g. Ian Neville-Neil, Aviation Antisubmarine Warfare Operator 3 Kenneth Smith as the SAR utility crewman and myself — back then an aviation antisubmarine warfare operator 2 — as the rescue swimmer. After conferring with Smith, who had flown the previous attempt, I dressed out in a full wetsuit and gear. We launched just before sunrise.

The Shiloh had closed to within a mile of the wreck and we were soon hovering over the 50-foot boat. The masts were broken off and a large piece of it hung off the port side into the water. The cabin windows were broken, and the sails and lines were strewn across the sailboat. Amongst the debris, in the center of the boat, the surviving couple huddled, waiting for us to save them.

The plan was to hover over the sailboat and then rapidly lower me to the deck. From there, I would assist them, one at a time, onto the hoist. Ready to go, I was lowered beyond 10 feet below the helicopter (to bypass the slow speed setting on the hoist). I dangled there for about 20 minutes as the pilots tried to get me over the sailboat. Their problem was that the swells kept sweeping the boat away from us, making it impossible to hold a steady hover over such a small object that was moving plus or minus 20 feet. At one point, I saw a wave miss our tail by only a few feet.

Meanwhile, Smith's work as a hoist operator was superb. He verbally directed the pilots while at the same time communicated with me via hand signals. One might think that because I had no voice communications with the rest of the crew, I would have become confused. But that was not the case. Throughout the entire evolution, I was informed of what was going on. Smith's outstanding crew coordination and quick actions prevented me from getting injured.

After repeated runs at the deck, I realized it would be impossible to get onto the boat via a hoist and signaled Smith to bring me up. Once in the cabin, I told him to pass on to the pilots that I wanted to jump. The aircraft commander was hesitant to jump me into the heavy swells, especially since sharks had been sighted. They tried again to lower me to the debris-fouled deck, but after several unsuccessful attempts, Sullivan decided to deploy me from a 15-foot hover behind the boat.

The pilots held a steady hover and I jumped. They were able to place me about 20 feet away from the sailboat. It couldn't have been better. The jump call came when the boat was in the trough of a swell and the helicopter was hovering above another trough, just below the tops of the swells. Had the placement for my water entry been different, the boat could have hit me when I came up for air or sucked me underneath as it ascended or descended.

As the boat rose up a swell, I approached it. There wasn't a visible ladder on either side, so I attempted to climb up a plastic buoy device attached on the aft of the boat. As I got about half way up, it broke and I fell back into the ocean. Struggling to make my way along the starboard side, the boat fell from the top of a swell into a trough, dragging me with it. I hit my head several times and ingested quite a bit of water before the boat reached the bottom of the trough.

Still holding on and after catching my breath, I shouted to the couple, telling them I was a Navy rescue swimmer and was there to help. I asked if they had a ladder. They did not. As the boat began to rise up the next swell, I grabbed a thin sail line and attempted to climb up. Again, I reached halfway. As I grabbed a piece of wooden siding and tried to pull myself into the boat, it splintered off and into the water I went. On the third effort, I lost my grip as the boat tumbled down another wave, hitting my head as I fell. The lower part of my body was sucked beneath the boat and I was nearly swept under. I grabbed onto a sail line and rode the wave out.



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On the next up swell, I attempted to climb again. The sail line was tough to clench with my wetsuit gloves. Pitching and rocking with the boat, I held the rope with one hand and managed to remove my gloves with my teeth. Unencumbered, I continued my climb but still lost my grip several times. Kicking hard with my fins, I almost made it once, but the boat tumbled away, down the crest of a wave. This fall was worse than the previous ones and nearly capsized the boat on top of me. After that wave had passed, I tried twice more to climb on board to no avail.

Tired and having inhaled a fair amount of seawater, I backed away from the boat and made eye contact with the family. I shouted to them that I wanted the lady to jump in first, and that I'd swim with her to the hoist. I instructed the man to stay strapped to the boat and that I'd be right back. I told the woman to jump and she did with no other encouragement. As I swam up to her, she tried to use my head as a life preserver, but I swung her around in a collar tow and told her she'd be OK. I told her again that I was a Navy rescue swimmer and my name was Nathan.

The woman's nose was bleeding and was visibly broken. She had dark bruises under her eyelids, indicating a blow to the head. Her lip was torn open from the edge of her mouth to her left earlobe. There was some bleeding from her mouth and her jawbone was visible. She had a severe laceration above her left eyelid and her left eye was not visible due to the blood. I asked her routine questions about a possible back injury, but due to her facial injury, she could not talk coherently. I wasn't sure whether to signal for a litter or not, so I probed her back using the spinal highway method to see if she squirmed from pain. She didn't flinch, and based on seeing her walk around the deck of the boat earlier, I did not signal for a litter. Given the size of the swells, I felt it was the right decision.

After signaling for pickup, we waited for the helicopter to get into position and lower the hoist. I glanced back to check on the sailboat. The waves thrust it right at us. No matter how hard I swam, the unpredictable ocean kept shoving the sailboat our way. As I towed the woman away from the boat, I lost sight of the helicopter and hoist. I looked back for the boat to get my reference, but it had disappeared behind a large swell. Everywhere I looked, I saw nothing but water.

Being disoriented, I decided to wait for the current swell to pass. Rather than let the woman get hit head-on by the oncoming wave, I positioned my back toward it and tried to cover her as much as possible. On its crest, I saw the hoist again and started swimming. When it was within arm's reach, a wave pushed it away. On every attempt, the rescue strop darted away. The pilots did their best to maintain a stable hover, but the 20-foot swells made it difficult. Smith continued to position the hoist near me. Quite a few more times I lost track of the helicopter while stuck in the troughs.

Finally, a wave hit me in the face. As I stopped swimming to spit the water out, I saw the rescue strop and was able to grab it. I put it around the woman and fastened it. She kept grabbing on, delaying the process, so I told her not to touch anything and that I'd get her to safety in just a second. After getting her fastened, I had to go underwater and unravel the tangled hoist from around her feet and legs. Once cleared, I signaled up hoist. Smith raised it with a steady hand. The slack was taken up just as she reached the top of a swell. The swell from beneath her fell as he raised the hoist. Out of the sea, she momentarily dangled about 15 feet as the hoist reeled in.

With one to go, I swam toward where I thought the boat should have been. Waiting for the swells to lift me so I could see, I found it toward my right. I had to swim against the waves to get there and two back-to-back waves hit my mouth. I had my snorkel out because it was continuously filling with water. Having aspirated too much water, I had to stop and unglamorously vomit. Twice more I "purged" as I swam against the swells.

Eventually reaching the boat, I instructed the man to jump and he did. Not wanting another head hold, I had him turn around as I approached. I told him he'd be safe and that the woman was OK. As I checked over the man, I noted deep lacerations to his hands and a few other bruises. Exam complete, we were ready for pickup and moved toward the helicopter.

It took quite a bit of swimming to find the hoist again. I was still a bit fatigued from chasing the hoist around the last time and once again lost sight of the helicopter due to the waves around me. The ocean also pushed the boat toward us quite a bit. I had to constantly look back and dodge the boat while buddy towing the man. The hoist darted away just once as we were just within reach.



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On the second try, Smith lowered it with such precision that it was nearly laid in my hand. I was so happy! I was exhausted and honestly thought that I was going to have to go through the chase again. As I was hooking us up, we fell down into a trough and all the slack in the cable disappeared, yanking the hoist up and the man away. I grabbed on and shouted, "No, don't do that!" In retrospect, the man probably thought he had done something wrong. Smith responded quickly and gave out more slack. I hooked up and did a final check before signaling to be hoisted.

It seemed like it took forever for the hoist to raise us. This was due to the enormous amount of slack in the line. The swells had pushed us off center from the hoist and when tension finally came, we were dragged through the water. The man got submerged at first, but I quickly swung him around and placed myself under the water. It seemed like I held my breath for quite some time before we finally got pulled clear and were raised into the aircraft. All total, I had spent 20 minutes dangling at the end of the hoist and 45 minutes in the water performing the rescues.

After the cabin door was closed and the man seated, I plopped into the rescue seat. Before Smith could lock the man into his seat, he motioned Smith aside, shook my hand and told me thank you. That meant the world to me and I had never felt better.

Our helicopter re-launched about 30 minutes after we landed to search for the other two people on board the yacht who had been washed overboard. We spent four more hours conducting an expanding search and controlling another helicopter. A significant amount of wreckage was scattered throughout the search area. Unfortunately, no other survivors were found.

That night, the crew of Shiloh raised nearly \$4,000 in donations for the survivors. I witnessed compassion and generosity as I never have seen before. Everyone on board the ship wanted to help. The following day, Lt. Mark Dietter, Lt. Arsenio Delatorre and I flew the couple to New Caledonia. There was a doctor and ambulance waiting for them at the airport. I don't know what happened to them after that, but I take comfort in knowing I helped get them that far.

Out of this experience came many lessons learned. Three of those really stand out in my mind. First, training does not prepare you for every situation; but adapting your training to the mission at hand does ensure mission success. Secondly, crew coordination is essential to preserving lives and resources by minimizing the risk through enhanced situational awareness. Our standardized methods of verbal and non-verbal communication eliminated confusion and also reduced delays during the entire rescue. Lastly, an organizational culture based on principled performance attributes of leadership, trust and cohesion creates self-governing mindsets within each team member so that others may live.



ARMY STRONG.



LIFE AND DEATH

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER 4 KIRK LITTLE
834th Aviation Support Battalion
Tulsa, Okla.

While working as an assistant trainmaster for the Union Pacific Railroad, my job as a manager required me to be on call should any problems arise in my area, which ran from Kansas City, Mo., to McAlester, Okla. On a warm mid-July evening, I got a call that would remind me just how precious life is and how we should never take it for granted.

It was about 6:30 p.m. when the call came in notifying me of a motorcycle accident at a railroad crossing on a country road outside a small town in eastern Oklahoma. The civilian motorcyclist was apparently traveling at a high rate of speed on his sport bike when he failed to negotiate a turn and struck the railroad embankment. He was thrown from his bike and landed on the tracks.

Shortly after the accident, a train came around the curve. When the engineer saw the body lying across the tracks, he immediately applied the emergency brakes. However, it took more than a half-mile for the 8,500-foot train to finally come to a stop. When it did, it was on top of the motorcyclist's body.

When I arrived at the scene, a crowd had gathered as local law enforcement officials conducted their investigation. I walked slowly along both sides of the train, looking underneath the rail cars and along the tracks for additional items that may help solve the cause of the accident. During my investigation, I came across several items of clothing and dismembered body parts that had been scattered upon impact.

According to the highway patrol and other officials investigating the accident, the motorcyclist had been killed when he struck the embankment. The officers pointed out that the impact was so intense that it knocked the shoes off the rider's feet. His body was then launched onto the railroad tracks, leaving him straddling the rails.

When a train is involved in an accident, it must remain in the stopped position until the scene has been investigated. The local authorities then talk with the manager from the railroad before giving approval for the train to be moved. Once I got the approval, the crew moved the train to the first available siding and was then released from duty. They would later go through several days of counseling, a normal practice when involved in a crossing accident or other traumatic experience.

It was well past midnight when we finally finished cleaning up the accident scene. After everyone else left, I remained behind to ensure that several other trains could pass without any issues and that there had been no damage to the rails. Once I was satisfied that everything was safe, I decided to call it a night.

As I walked to my truck, which was parked about a quarter-mile away, a pickup carrying a young family pulled up alongside me. The man driving the truck asked me if I knew what had happened. I told him there had been a crossing accident involving a motorcycle. He then asked for details. The man told me the accident victim was his brother, and he'd only owned the bike for a few days. He'd been going through some rough times with his family and had been drinking earlier in the day.

I didn't give him the details of the accident, telling him he'd need to contact the local authorities for that information. The man thanked me for my help and apologized for the trouble. He then drove off down the quiet country road that was congested with onlookers earlier in the day. As I continued to my truck, I looked up at the summer moon and said a prayer for the dead man's family. I couldn't help but think about how the choices we make have an impact on more than just our own lives.



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HOT MESS

LORENA WOOLARD

Veterans Affairs

Augusta, Ga.

Why was I laying on my bed with just a towel around me? And why was I so disorientated? I tried to collect my thoughts. I remembered washing my car and then coming home to shower. After my shower, I decided to pamper myself and take a nice, long bath. I filled the tub with hot water and bubbles, turned on some music and settled in for what seemed like an hour.

Realizing my skin was getting wrinkled, I decided to hop out. That's when I felt dizzy. I had no idea what was going on, so I quickly grabbed my towel and headed for the bedroom. I barely made it to the bed before I passed out.

This happened to me more than 20 years ago, and I haven't taken a hot bath since. However, a few years ago, my boyfriend and I were on vacation and decided to enjoy one of our hotel's amenities — specifically, the Jacuzzi. I was leery at first, as my mind raced back to my last experience of soaking in a hot tub, but I decided to give it a shot anyway.

Initially, the warm water was wonderfully relaxing; however, everything went downhill fast. My boyfriend got out and walked to the shower to rinse off. I watched him reach for the top of the shower door, turn around and fall to the ground. I couldn't believe he passed out! I jumped out of the hot tub and rushed over to him. He had hit his head on the wall when he fell, but I was able to revive him. He suffered only minor injuries.

I had chalked up my experience of passing out after a hot bath as a fluke. But when it happened to my boyfriend, too, it was Google time. During my research, I read a Harvard Health Letter and learned a hot soak relaxes your blood vessels, as well as the rest of your body. When you get out of the water abruptly, some people suffer from "hot tub" syncope. According to the Mayo Clinic, syncope — like fainting — is a temporary loss of consciousness followed by spontaneous recovery.

The hotter water in a hot tub poses increased health risks from fainting. Mayo Clinic heart researchers had six subjects soak in 104 F water (the current recommended temperature for hot tubs) and 106.7 F water for 21 minutes to see if hotter water caused any ill effects. They concluded that the higher temperatures posed little health risk from heart or circulation problems. However, they found that when the subjects stood up to exit the tub, systolic blood pressure dropped dramatically, nearly twice as much in the hotter water compared to the 104 F temperature. The study goes on to say that out of 36 hot tub deaths, 25 were caused by drowning.

During my accident, I was fortunate I didn't hit any sharp or hard objects. My boyfriend was lucky as well and only lightly hit the wall. For anyone taking a hot bath or getting into a Jacuzzi, I highly recommend limiting your time to 10-15 minutes and keeping the temperature at 104 F or less. Yes, a nice, hot bath may be good to soothe tired, aching muscles. Just don't overdo it or you could find yourself in a "hot mess."



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ACCIDENT BRIEFS

AVIATION

UH-60M

Class A

The aircraft was taxiing on the ramp when the main rotor system contacted a concrete T-wall. All four main rotor blades, the leading edge of the tail rotor and the horizontal stabilator were punctured by debris.

MQ-1B

Class A

Operators experienced a loss of link with the system during flight. The system was recovered as a total loss.

CH-47D

Class B

A Soldier was injured when he was struck by a pallet that was blown by rotor wash during a slingload operation.

GROUND

PERSONNEL INJURY

Class A

A Soldier drowned while swimming with four other Soldiers.

DRIVING

PMV-4

Class A

A Soldier was killed when his vehicle left the road in inclement weather and overturned multiple times. The Soldier, who was ejected, was not wearing a seat belt.

A Soldier died when his vehicle crossed the centerline of the roadway and collided head-on with a tractor-trailer.

PMV-2

Class A

A Soldier was killed when his motorcycle collided with a pick-up truck. The Soldier had reportedly proceeded through an intersection after the light had turned red and clipped the right rear of the truck. He was wearing his full personal protective equipment.

A Soldier was killed after participating in a battalion motorcycle safety ride when a log truck turned into his path. The Soldier was properly licensed, wearing the required PPE and had completed the required Motorcycle Safety Foundation courses.

A Soldier died when his motorcycle slammed into a pick-up truck that had just pulled onto the road. Witnesses reported the Soldier was traveling at a high rate of speed.

A Soldier suffered possible permanent paralysis from the waist down when his motorcycle was struck from behind by a commercial charter bus.

A Soldier was killed when he clipped another Soldier's vehicle on the road and was thrown into oncoming traffic.

A Soldier died when she lost control on a freeway exit ramp, went down an embankment and struck a tree.

A Soldier died when he went into a skid in a curve and struck a guardrail post. The Soldier was wearing full PPE.



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A Soldier was killed when he lost control of his motorcycle and was thrown into a guy wire.

A Soldier was killed when he rear ended an SUV that had stopped in front of him for a turn.

ATV

Class A

A Soldier and his 13-year-old passenger died when their ATV crashed into a pipe while off-road riding.



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